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This book has been prepared on the 4,000-word vocabulary level. But because the subject of the book requires certain special words, some words in the book are beyond this level. The reader will find such words printed in *italics* and explained in the back of the book.

This is a shorter and more simply written edition than the complete book, which the publisher hopes the reader will want to read and enjoy as his English ability increases through the Ladder Series.

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A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP
(Simplified Student Edition)

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Chapter I

MY EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

1

My mother was my first and always my best teacher I say this not with the sentiment of *Mother's Day,* nor with the awe of King Solomon when he praises an honest woman but simply as a fact My mother was a born teacher Her experience had been brief two terms in a Maine country school 1882, where at sixteen she taught for five dollars a week, and one year in a Maine Academy teaching Latin She married at eighteen at twenty two she had borne three children, and as she had five more children in the years following she found ample scope for her teaching talents

Our small Maine village of Blue Hill was at the head of Blue Hill Bay between two great arms of the Atlantic Ocean Penobscot Bay and Frenchman's Bay It was like many another coast village at the end of the nineteenth century Once famous for its ships and trade, now it was little known, and only a few families of the thousand persons in the village still had money from the shipping trade There were the usual pro-

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fessions: a doctor, a dentist, two ministers, one lawyer (who was my father) and the teacher of the Academy. There were the usual trades and shops, and the usual fishermen, some adventuring far, most dropping their lines in nearer, more quiet waters. There were the farmers, whose few hard acres lay hardly a mile from the center of the village or on the high land surrounding it. By a stream that ran into the harbor,

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The nearest bank was four-
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by local taxes, just like the village school, a two room structure for the primary (lower) and grammar (upper) classes For lack of money, this village school in my childhood was open only twenty-five weeks during the year, and from late January until early April we had the Long Vacation

The two teachers in the village had studied at a Teachers College in a neighboring town about sixteen miles away and I am sure that they taught me a great deal I still know the boundaries of the State of Idaho, and the location of the Falls of Nyanza, and I can analyze the first twenty lines of the poem "Paradise Lost I find myself on lonely walks still reciting poems; in fact with only a little help I can recite the three hundred pages of our fifth grade reader, since I had learned to read early, and for eight pleasant years the school could not buy me a new text I learned to appreciate the sounds of words when I repeat properly the names of the counties of the State of Maine, they sound to me full of the dignity and music of Milton's fallen angels or of Agamemnon's troops before

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Because I enjoy useless and unusual knowledge, and because I believe that *memory* is an important skill, I shall always be grateful for what the village school taught me In an age which doubts the value of fear, I am grateful for the fears which my teachers gave me the fear to do careless, disordered work, the fear to disobey and the awful *fear* to fail and to be shamed

Of course, my village teachers did *not make* me

aware of the drama in knowledge At a wage of seven dollars a week, in return for which one taught fifty children, drama, perhaps, was too much to expect There was plenty of drama in the school itself in the daily spelling classes, in the frequent punishments, in competing for prizes in selecting every week the colored picture cards given as reward for the perfect performance of duties. But the drama that seemed so obvious in the incidents of history in Antony's speech over Caesar's dead body and in Plato's description of the death of Socrates, both of which were selections in our School Reader, or the drama hidden in the morning prayer, was not so evident in school That I learned at home from the teaching of my mother

In her instruction she understood the first principle of all successful teaching that in order to interest others in anything one must be oneself consumed with interest My mother's energy brought to life all people events, and places in books. She touched them with magic, and when with her fine memory and pleasant voice she recited the poems in my Reader the dull reading we gave them at school seemed an insult to both poet and poem

In our Maine kitchen we were always reciting something One poem had the right rhythm for Saturday morning butter making another for cutting the brown dough for cakes, and during a heavy snow, I still think of God as a shelter from the stormy blast just as my mother's voice recited the words during a Maine

winter. Whether in the kitchen, or in the orchard, or in the dining room, most of what I know about teaching has come from her.

My mother's imagination cast gleams of light upon the worn pages of our school spelling book. The charm and magic of certain words became clear.

"Multitude," said my mother. "Now that's a big, splendid word. See how big it sounds. Get your Bibles and we'll find it 'And seeing the multitudes,' great crowds, remember, 'he went up into a mountain.' Look at the word and see all the people crowding about. Now I'll find even a better place. Listen carefully now 'After this a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kinds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palm leaves in their hands.' That's a beautiful verse, and you should learn it. You see, in the first verse, the people are all crowding around in multitudes. They don't know quite what they are there for, so they are just multitudes. But in the second, even though they are of all different nations and kinds and tongues, they all know they are there to praise God, so they are just one multitude in white robes with palm leaves in their hands."

Like all good teachers, my mother never let her interest in our studies and reading decrease; it was steady and unvaried. She liked to perform and act. Unlike the average or ordinary teacher, a good one likes to put on a show, and is not afraid of losing his

aware of the drama in knowledge. At a wage of seven dollars a week, in return for which one taught fifty children, drama, perhaps, was too much to expect. There was plenty of drama in the school itself: in the daily spelling classes, in the frequent punishments, in competing for prizes, in selecting every week the colored picture cards given as reward for the perfect performance of duties. But the drama that seemed so obvious in the incidents of history, in Antony's speech over Caesar's dead body and in Plato's description of the death of Socrates, both of which were selections in our School Reader, or the drama hidden in the morning prayer, was not so evident in school. That I learned at home from the teaching of my mother.

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stone walls. On Saturday evenings we acted out historical incidents so that our parents, our grandmother, and the "hired girl" could guess what books our scenes were from.

2

My father respected discipline and detail, and thus he helped to complete the teachings of my mother. As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, so the fear of my father was the beginning, middle, and end of our years at school. We did not dare to fail in our lessons. The disgrace at school was as nothing compared to the scorn and anger awaiting us at home.

I know my father was too stern, because he lost much of our confidence and some of our affection by continually insisting upon excellence and order. He hated disorder in any form—an untidy appearance, an untidy room, an untidy mind. But though all his teaching seemed to be for the future rather than for the present, we learned from him at least one principle which in schools and homes today is too seldom insisted upon: that the harder a task, the more satisfaction in its accomplishment.

His method of teaching was endless repetition, his [illegible] of the sure and certain possession of facts. Privately, though I would not admit it even to my sisters, I thought of him as one of those terrifying tyrants in the novels of Charles Dickens, who made good children cruelly unhappy. Yet with all his relentless drill work, he always saw that an act or deed, an original mean-

dignity. He is not making a show of himself; but when he teaches Euclid or Shakespeare or Plato, he shares their ideas, and wants to reveal them with all their life and power. Then the teacher, the subject, and the students become one, not three things, just as in a theater the audience becomes for two hours the actors and the playwright. A teacher cannot be successful if he lacks the best qualities of the actor.

My mother reading from the "Tales from Shakespeare" could, by her voice and quick glances, arouse hatred, inspire love, stir questions, and excite reverence. She could create for us a world so real, that the familiar objects of our bedrooms looked strange when we had climbed unreal stairs to bed to dream of Shylock or of Ophelia with her scattered flowers.

While we were still young children, when the book described some wicked behavior or ugly appearance my mother would pass it from one of us to another, so that we might act out a little ceremony. We struck the page which told of the evil thing; and the mighty blows we delivered upon some of Charles Dickens' books made us feel that we had helped our good friends Oliver Twist and David Copperfield, and punished their hard-hearted enemies

Like all good teachers, my mother encouraged us to make up new plays and games out of our lessons and books; she knew we would remember them best in that way. We learned fractions from cutting pies and apples, and measurements from ascertaining the square or cubic feet of our flower-beds, wood piles, and

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ing, gave life to the fact. He constructed a game of dates on cards, which we played with him in the evenings. Stern as he was, he seldom withheld just commendation, and a word of praise from him was long cherished.

Though, as I learned later, he disliked numbers, he drilled us in arithmetic, to add, multiply, divide and subtract, his eyes darting around our frightened circle I still associate a certain peculiar ache with these painful sessions: the Number Nine ache I call it, because that was the number that was most difficult.

My father believed in the dignity and necessity of manual labor. He himself, on days when he was not sitting as court Judge, or attending sessions of the legislature, milked his cows, groomed his horses, and cleaned the stable, which was always spotless. Each member of the family, boys and girls alike, learned to feed the horses, bed them down, clean, harness, and to drive them singly and as a team. We led the cows, raised vegetables, weeded, cultivated, and gathered the crop from our apple orchard with grim regularity.

Manual labor is good and decent, my father felt, and it straightens out one's thoughts. I have often found that a confused head, or tangled emotions, or a broken heart may be cured or soothed by scrubbing a floor, or by washing and ironing clothes

My father had a passion, too, for memorizing poetry and prose, and while doing so demanded the same from us. He could memorize endless consecutive lines of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," pages from Burke and

Macaulay, and most of the Bible He read to himself half the night and was usually reciting when he descended to breakfast When we heard Greek poetry, we expected calmness and cooperation, but if he recited the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln we made our presence as obscure as possible He always corrected us when we recited, and demanded perfection as we well knew for the sake of the poem which he loved

His memory and his power of observation were extraordinary He kept demanding clear and accurate replies to detailed questions what designs were on either side of various coins how a cow lay down, or the appearance of a tree or flower seed As I grew older I realized that he was so exact because he knew and loved nature but a walk with him required an ability to seem, and hearing that was almost painful. His imagination was more comprehensive less artificial than my mother's, and because of him no common roadside can ever be dull to me no country walk unexciting

Once at ten years old when I had gone to bed fearing that some misbehavior of mine might be disclosed my father woke me at midnight I was paralyzed with fright and stumbled down the stairs to join the family in the field

It was in August, one of those nights of sudden frost to which the Maine coast is accustomed in late summer, and the *Northern Lights* were streaming from the horizon to fill the sky with sudden flam

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erstand, but I loved the gales of laughter in which
; shamelessly indulged The story teller always
ed her nearest friend with her knitting needle,
ich not only claimed her attention, but denoted a
mmon bond as well My grandmother used to warn
as we neared home that it would be better *not* to
peat certain things they had said, and I was proud
their confidence, and guarded it

During those afternoons in the houses built by men
who had sailed the oceans, I met a few of the remaining
sea-captains. They, too, seemed not to belong to
our tidy, enclosed village life. But it was the *wives* and
women whom I loved and admired most By going
to sea they had managed to become free. Because they
had known Fear itself, they could *not* worry *over* small
fears. Bewildered by strange faiths in strange countries,
they had long ago ceased to look upon the New England
Congregational Church as the *one* way to God.
They had played too many games with Death to cherish
sure and certain notions as to the best means of
dealing with life

In gratitude for what they taught me long ago in
their homes that faced the sea, I tried to write of their
finer, larger ways of life and thought in my books,
"Mary Peters" and "Silas Crockett."

4

When I was thirteen years old I entered the Academy
at Blue Hill, one of the early and excellent secondary
schools of New England Besides local taxes, it had

as spoken as we stood there in the cold
eld My father for once neither com
explained My mother I remember,
l of her long dressing gown around my
stared together at the brilliant, moving

utes of complete silence my father led
to bed His one comment then was

it he said

3

er an elderly women whom I knew as
d pent much of their lives at sea with
I knew they were different from any
wn and their gifts to me deserve
ute They added light and color
school And through my grand
nd herself spent ten years at sea, I
d pleasure from observing how
d their ways of thought and
be different from those of our
whole My grandmother at home
her talking and knitting with her
were two entirely different persons
I drove her out to make her
s and there I entered a new
ies of strange memories of
They exchanged stories of doings in
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Latin teacher lives in the memories of dozens
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ed the Seven Hills of Rome from papier-mâché
made a Roman house with a main room and a
e of columns complete in cardboard and with
s, couches and lamps. We enacted Roman wed-
gs, and wrote sayings for Roman tombs

What a party we gave for my Latin teacher when
e left Blue Hill: it was a Roman dinner, with Latin
enus, Roman dishes, togas (loose robes), and Roman
air dressing. We had couches on which to lie to eat
hile servants properly attired from family linen
losets served us. The best of us wrote poems of praise,
ad and farewell for her whom we adored, to be
ecited between courses.

This party would be praised as a "project" by some
modern school. But it was simply the natural result
of good teaching by a young woman with charm,
imagination, friendliness and common sense, who
proved that Latin is alive and awake when it is prop-
erly taught

Both the instructor of Greek and my father, who

an income from a decent fortune of its own left to by wealthy persons Its excellent teachers had good classical training and we learned history, Engl and a little chemistry, besides Latin Greek and mathematics, which practically everyone studied

Today, the 'educators in teacher training colle are doubtful of drill work in any subject They claim that the classic subjects are useless, because they not sufficiently related to modern living But their op position to Latin and Greek, I believe, occurs b they do not believe in teaching by drill and which those languages require They want learning c any sort to be attractive and even tempting

In well ordered New England families children were rarely tempted by their parents to do anything They did what they were required to do, and for me my mother s love of Latin and my father s pleasure in reciting Greek were the only temptations offered me

Forty years ago there was a more basic respect for work than there is now and to decent people that respect was immeasurably deepened and strengthened if the work presented unusual difficulties Today easy roads and short cuts to physical and mental ac complishments have tended to lessen that love for hard work which teachers and parents instilled into their children and students Our Academy teachers had to teach Latin and Greek forms by unrelenting drill, but behind their insistence upon perfection lay a zeal and pride in their teaching Others must have been less fortunate than I in their Classics teachers

ugh school students and college freshmen criticize Latin studies most often, they must have had and uninspiring teaching

My Latin teacher lives in the memories of dozens people on Blue Hill Few students at any time had such a grounding in Latin grammar, yet drill was anything but dull Once we had red the fundamentals beyond the possibility of or, we began writing in Latin letters and stories of Roman periods we had learned about, and constructed the Seven Hills of Rome from papier maché made a Roman house with a main room and a rge of columns complete in cardboard and with tables, couches and lamps We enacted Roman weddings, and wrote sayings for Roman tombs

What a party we gave for my Latin teacher when she left Blue Hill it was a Roman dinner with Latin menus, Roman dishes togas (loose robes) and Roman hair dressing We had couches on which to lie to eat while servants properly attired from family linen closets served us The best of us wrote poems of praise, hail and farewell for her whom we adored, to be recited between courses

This party would be praised as a project by some modern schools But it was simply the natural result of good teaching by a young woman with charm imagination friendliness and common sense, who proved that Latin is alive and awake when it is properly taught

Both the instructor of Greek and my father, who

were my teachers of the subject, said little about the power and simplicity, the directness naturalness which set the Greek poetry into a place respect. The instructor read the lines of Homer us; my father recited the "Iliad" as he descended stairs. Both revealed to me a common passion subject.

I still remember a snowy afternoon, when our structor translated that farewell of Hector to his loved before his fatal battle with Achilles. I woul have forgotten both the words and the incident; as our teacher closed the book and sent us home, saw that he had tears in his eyes.

The memory of such teachers never fades nor gratitude toward them ever lessen. Thirty years after their patient teaching, as I stood among purple flowers at the home of a Latin poet in Italy, it was Florence Rafter I remembered along wih the poet, Catullus. And as I picked flowers blowing among the stones of an ancient theatre of Greece, I thought of Brackett and how because of him I should forever live in a land of plenty.

Chapter II

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

I

About twelve miles from Blue Hill was Buck's Harbor, a coast village of fishermen, small tradespeople, farmers and sailors. Their families, about twenty of them, were large and almost all related to each other. Very few of their children went to any school beyond their little rural classes and those few went to our Blue Hill Academy.

I had been a year at the University of Maine, and had been happy in my Greek and Latin studies, but in college mathematics I considered my record disgraceful. In the spring of my second year, my father decided that I needed to get down to the realities of life, for he believed that teaching in a country school could strengthen our own knowledge and make us mature by giving us responsibilities. My sister had taught before she went to college, and in my father's fixed and sturdy mind, it was time now for me to begin.

Thus in the spring of 1906, on a cold foggy morn-

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MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

I

About twelve miles from Blue Hill was Buck's Harbor, a coast village of fishermen, small tradespeople, farmers and sailors Their families, about twenty of them, were large, and almost all related to each other; very few of their children went to any school beyond their little rural classes and those few went to our Blue Hill Academy

I had been a year at the University of Maine, and had been happy in my Greek and Latin studies; but in college mathematics I considered my record disgraceful In the spring of my second year, my father decided that I needed to get down to the realities of life for he believed that teaching in a country school could strengthen our own knowledge and make us mature by giving us responsibilities My sister had taught before she went to college, and in my father's fixed and sturdy mind, it was time now for me to begin

Thus in the spring of 1906, on a cold foggy morn-

a fitted. It was a late spring, and many older boys who might have been at sea remained at school, apparently to learn, but actually to discover of what stuff the new teacher was made. Had my father been made of more flexible stuff, I should gladly have fled for home, but I knew I should find only disappointment and contempt awaiting me there.

My teaching began, then, with a pretense at courage. I stormed up and down the narrow aisles of the classroom waving the razor strop, expressing anger, disgust, scorn, and fury. And the young giants, who could easily have driven me away by a similar show of temper, showed only respectful fear and moved no further to rebellion. Though my knees shook, I had no more trouble from discipline for eleven weeks.

Perhaps, today, the people are growing gentler, and even the smallest communities have other interests than the arrival of a new teacher. If district schools were not disappearing fast, teachers of the new education might find it hard to govern a class by their more modern methods. I know one young teacher who has the greatest respect for the American flag and not only for patriotic reasons. When her class gets too unruly, she tells me, she stops the disturbance and regains attention by calling for a sudden salute to the flag.

There was no American flag at Buck's Harbor, 1906, and the words of our American salute had not yet been written. But when I look at a razor strop, I now see in that ugly object a symbol of my freedom.

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Lord's Prayer and the Bible reading had to be ...ted, so that our well regulated machine could ...k on from nine a.m. until four p.m

...uch a systematic program was too unyielding, I ...w, to be good for the children. But it was the best ...g that could have happened to me. I had been ...amy and absent minded, and two years at college ...l made me worse. Now, when it was dangerous to ... one's head for a second, and the minutes raced ... through questions and answers, there was no time ... self pity For eleven weeks the hard necessity of ... Buck's Harbor school held me. When they were ...r, I was a different person

3

The wide lovely sweep of sea and islands which was ... schoolhouse's view of Penobscot Bay, I hardly had ...ne to observe Poor students and papers kept me at ... desk until supper time Neither could I show great ...ppiness at the wonderful meals Mrs. Billings gave ...e for two and a half dollars in her house below the ...hool hill For breakfast dinner or supper (it made ... difference) she prepared pork chops, fried potatoes, ...t bread, cake, apple pie and cheese in abundance. ...ater in spring, as the roads improved and my father ...lowed our pony and cart to stay in Mrs. Billings' ...arn to drive me home for weekends, an invisible Mr ...llings fed the pony, too, for the same two and a half ...ollars And in the Billings' front chamber, with its ...uge feather bed and with its Bible scenes in colors

from terror and disgrace, and of the inspirati
vision which resulted in my choice of a profes

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The school at Buck's Harbor demanded menta
more than mere knowledge. I
of all ages from five to sixteen,
ages and progress, I found m
asses a day to teach. From nine a
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afternoon, and with time for t
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udying at their seats, another
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I be asked for, a third listene
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nd reading finished by the
we had four classes in geog-
ntil noon. Grammar classes
afternoon so that by two
istory, which we all liked
losed the day for everyone

impossible. There was no
ere were no books. Even

as Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and other stories. Their homes had few books, and such stories as these were new to them. Occasionally I see some of them now, here and there as sailors on summer boats, or as exhibitors at a country fair, three of them have become teachers.

But I think I must have regarded teaching as a lark, not as a respectable way of earning a living. On the late June Saturday when I locked my schoolhouse door, I completely forgot to collect my wages, and came home empty handed. My father thought it an incredible neglect, this disregard of one hundred and ten dollars, and he sent me back that afternoon to procure it. Only upon my return, when I told him I wished to teach three more terms of school before going to college, did he seem a little less scornful.

4

West Brooksville, on the Bagaduce, a pleasant tidal river, had once been important in the sea trade, and was a village far superior to Buck's Harbor. It had an upper and a lower school. The lower, which I taught for eleven dollars a week, comprised fifty children from five to eleven years old, in the lower room of a white building set among rural fields. The upper room above us was for the seventh and eighth grades.

My children there were more of a unit, and came from families of much wider experience, most of them planned to go to the Academy at Blue Hill or to the High School at Castine. These were fine people, and in

???ed from the start She maintained that apples are the cure for all sorts of human ills, including bad temper She ate apples throughout the evening, munching them loudly and with great enjoyment, and, as she ate, she read Dickens, whom she balanced on her knees below her knitting Dickens gave her physical as well as mental exercise He amused and delighted her so that her ample shoulders and bosom heaved and pitched about with her mirth which she kindly, though ineffectively tried to control in fear of disturbing me, as I studied my lessons at the opposite side of her table When she could contain her enthusiasm no longer she read me bits of whatever novel she was reading and we both agreed over another apple apiece that no one had ever lived or written like him

Every morning she handed me a large lunch in a small red pail said goodbye as though she would be glad to see me back again and as I took the short cut between the trees of her pasture I always felt grateful that I had her to come back to

In winter as heavy snow made the way to school impassable, Mrs. Blodgett brought me to the spacious house of Mrs. Robert Tapley nearer to my school Like my grandmother's voyaging friends at Blue Hill Mrs. Tapley had sailed with her late husband to the Far East, and I felt particularly fortunate that she had consented to take me in She was a beautiful old woman in her late seventies. She read her Bible for hours on end, and had read and thought and seen

my school here no razor strop was needed; w
having the best possible time.

In September, the village experienced an ep
of whooping cough; but since all children every
[illegible]n, the school board saw no good re
seemed over, not to open school un
s all country mothers know, whoo
continue from September as long as
lasts.

that year came early; the cold w
bitter By late November I was breaki
pitcher to wash in the morning an
teeth of a piercing wind to prepare
ght stove for the moment when my
ld come whooping in From germs or
I caught whooping-cough again, and
ntil late February we punctuated our
ting with loud coughing A rural
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West Brooksville were familiar a
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so much, that our righteous little world seemed [illegible] worth her attention. Hers was a larger, calmer [illegible] somewhere beyond the nuisances of everyday exis[illegible]

Harriet, her middle-age daughter, lived with [illegible] and not only did all the housework, but with her [illegible] energy played the church organ, enliven[illegible] the Sunday school, helped in the post-office, tende[illegible] the sick, and read for hours. A deeply religious person she would take me driving over the snow in a small old sleigh to call on sick neighbors or just, as she said, "to get so we could think straighter."

By the autumn of 1907 my year at West Brooksvill[illegible] had prepared me to get what I wanted from college. I had learned by the clock, and could respect time, I ha[illegible] [illegible] necessary rules to devise some of my [illegible] mind to its tasks. I had learned how to study, and to enjoy it. The tyranny of dream[illegible] and [illegible] checked; reading could be under[illegible] [illegible] could begin. With the awakening of [illegible] came a sense of values, my own [illegible] and the rigor of my new and [illegible] experience.

The country school has gone *never* to *return*. Its water-pail and [illegible] dipper have yielded to more healthy [illegible]. Its [illegible] boxes have surrendered to [illegible] milk, and vitamins. *Grades*, [illegible] to the *larger*, centralized *Junior High School*.

Yet I regard the country *school* not with sentiment, but with *respect*, not *for* its education of children, but

the stern and able training of its teachers. Buck's ... and West Brookville did more for me than ... and the *graduate school* combined; and I shall ... more thank them for their tolerance and my father ... his unyielding common sense.

Chapter III

ORTUNE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

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d college in 1900 I was more fo
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State Boards inflict today upon the
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freedom of most college courses of study and because of the character and personnel of the best college faculties today.

But, unlike me in 1909, prospective teachers today must spend a great part of their last two years of college in Education Courses, preparing them for classroom but not for the English, history, Latin, or other subject which they are to teach. Thus some training is given in the presentation of the subject to classes, and this may raise the average level of teaching in public schools. But I have never discovered students who thought such courses were anything except a waste of time. When the teacher understands her subject well she can herself find initiative, common-sense and enthusiasm to get across what she herself learned. One course I took in "Education" suffered badly by comparison with those in history, English and Classics, another which offered to teach The Organization and Administration of Rural Schools, taught far less upon this subject than I had learned myself, by organizing and administering my class in Buck's Harbor.

It is doubtless for the good of our public schools that some training in presenting the subject matter be given to prospective teachers. But why this should require a sacrifice in studying the subjects themselves and why it should prove so distasteful to those who receive it I have not been able to learn.

In the autumn of 1909 when I hoped to teach at a high school or private school, I had no "Education" courses to offer. Thanks to my father, I had had some

C ter III

I N K O T O I I I N T H M I D D L W ST

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Most of the girls in my class sent their applications for teaching work to an agency in Portland, Maine, or to another agency in Boston. But Professor Caroline Colvin, my college teacher in history, visited in Blue Hill, and impressed my father with her judgment, and it was her belief that I should apply to the agency of Mr. B. F. Clark in—Chicago!

To the average rural New Englander in 1909 the West was unknown territory, and Chicago a city of wickedness. In a small wall cupboard of my mother's bedroom were two forbidden books. One was called "What Young Women Should Know" and the other, "If Christ Should Come to Chicago." The contents of the first she had disclosed to each of her daughters, when she felt that the uneasy time had come, during an hour of acute embarrassment to her as well as to us. The contents of the second I had never seen except in hasty forbidden glances until my mother raised the ban upon it in order to convince me that I should stay in Maine.

In heated language this book told of the places of vice in Chicago and the greed of the city, and my mother, moved by fear for my future, gave it some belief. But as the summer progressed and no jobs came from my numberless applications to Chicago, she breathed easier. Then, one day in August, Miss Colvin wrote that she had seen Mr. B. F. Clark, and that if I were allowed to come at once to Chicago, he

forty weeks of *"practice teaching"* under no supervision but my own, if doubtless at some expense to my pupils Experience in a rural school was wisely counted in those days as valuable, and I was farther ahead for of it

of Maine during my last two years
d my four terms of rural teaching
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tate. I felt the past was behind me, and only a glorious independence ahead

To reassure my mother, my history professor had arranged my lodging in Chicago. At LaSalle Street Station there, I was to pin a handkerchief to my coat, and look for an elderly gentleman with a like signal, who would lead me to the Bible Institute, a most safe and serious dwelling. And as the train plunged on through Massachusetts, the lovely Berkshire Hills were just touched with color, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. I could never have believed, then that I should ultimately make my home among those hills, but if I were to recall one day upon which merely to be alive was enough, out of thousands of rich and abundant days I should name that day in August, thirty years ago when I travelled to Chicago.

4

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois—it was not only the names that seemed beautiful as I woke up before dawn to stare through the window—but the great flat country, with its harvest already cut and its corn stacked golden upon the ground, excited me as we swept toward Chicago. The dirty outskirts of the city and the heavy Western heat still left me with a curiosity and an agitation that were almost painful. There in the station was the elderly gentleman marked with the handkerchief, and I followed him with my suitcase to the elevated railroad, staggering a little. I did not dare trust the

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porter who tried to help me, the face of my guide, though kindly, seemed faintly disapproving.

At supper that evening, *after unpacking in my* hot and slightly damp room I decided that all the Bible Institute people regularly showed both kindness and faint disapproval They were also, I thought, suspicious, and intent upon saving souls with a zeal which I found quite unattractive

The two weeks I spent in the Bible Institute seemed to make it only less pleasant The dozen eager young women, *constantly at prayer or at Bible reading* embarrassed me The chorus of their mealtime hymn,

"Oh, to be nothing nothing!"

repeated thrice daily aroused me to fear and superstition it was my ambition to get a job, and become something, not nothing At the nightly prayer meetings my silence must have betrayed me it seemed to increase my companions suspicions and *I felt* that their *comfortless ways were far from my own life When* first I called upon Mr B I Clark the manager of the teachers agency I had applied to he asked me where I lived in Chicago When I told him he simply rose from his chair and cried "My God!"

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ived in Chicago I mounted

suitcase on my way to see

ate of nervous excitement,

on the seventh floor that

omen in a dozen different

offices had ever heard of me At last, still with my suitcase, I was allowed to see Mr Clark

You have just arrived?" he asked, glancing at my baggage He was a small round man, perhaps fifty years old with intensely blue round eyes and brushy white hair

When I explained that my suitcase contained documents which might interest him, letters of recommendation and papers he leaned back in his chair and laughed long and loudly Next I asked whether he really thought I might get a position

"I am sure of it! I could certainly not allow some school to be deprived of you, he replied with warmth At the moment I took this as a compliment and felt much encouraged though later I realized that he was vastly amused by my enthusiasm and simplicity

Let me see he said There may be something this minute What about Mason City, Iowa? They want a Latin teacher

My heart fell as quickly as it had risen

I'm afraid Iowa is beyond the Mississippi River, isn't it? I said

Why the Mississippi asked Mr Clark, fumbling among other papers on his desk "It's a nice river Got anything against it?

No said I It's only that my mother would prefer me not to go beyond the Mississippi unless it's really necessary

When Mr Clark stopped laughing, he assured me that a position east of the Mississippi River would ap-

pear before long, and I told him I would come to his office every day at the same time

6

In our age inexperience seems to have become a rare thing and in consequence a more mellow humor seems lacking But my eagerness to enjoy my freedom led me to a misfortune both terrifying and humorous

I was in a hurry to re enter the Bible Institute, to ride the street [illegible] with my suitcase seemed awkward, I longed to see more of the uproar and excitement of Chicago and I did hope to make my next letter home a dramatic one Accordingly I determined upon leaving Mr Clark office to walk the long distance home

The day was warm and I seemed to be the only [illegible] on the street who was not in a hurry I had [illegible] the Chicago River, [illegible] by the dirty river water, [illegible] upstream toward me [illegible] structure except to [illegible] pass under it [illegible] drew nearer and [illegible] everyone was hurrying [illegible] but [illegible] to rise into [illegible] dangerous [illegible] realized [illegible] was rising [illegible] to rise [illegible] Two

of the iron supports met at an angle, and between them I wedged my suitcase, and cast myself upon it to cling to whatever I could

By this time, however, the men who operated the bridge saw me there were shouts more whistles, and on the nearer bank of the river a crowd gathered The boat backed downstream the bridge began to descend, and I heard it clang and bump into position From the nearer pavement two policemen ran forward and lifted me to my feet

"Young woman shouted the bigger of the two, "are you tired of life? Just what do you mean by not listening to signal?"

In the strange assortment of men and women around me many of whose faces looked foreign, I saw that the behavior of the bridge seemed normal enough, it was only my actions that were strange The crowd increased and I wanted to die but I explained that I had never seen such a bridge that I did not understand the signals.

The other policeman still held my suitcase "Will you kindly tell us he demanded "who you are, and where on earth you come from?"

I held back my tears to tell my name and my native state, and the crowd howled with unkind amusement; when I had to say where I was staying in the city, the howl was repeated, and then the sight of my tears persuaded the policemen to release me

A kind faced woman walked five blocks with me, and insisted upon carrying my suitcase. I could not

speak a word, but I felt toward her a gratitude which I have felt toward few persons before or since. Even the Bible Institute looked good to me, as I hurried to burst into tears of utter humiliation upon my miserable bed

Would Mr Clark hear of it and drop me? I wondered for days How would my friends take it? I wondered even months later Perhaps they never really

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from Wisconsin, and never again need to climb the Bible Institute steps.

That night at supper I asked boldly for a second portion of cake. There was a horrified silence. The most serious young woman there offered me her portion which she assured me she did not want and without blushing or objecting I accepted it. For I was leaving this odd house where the desire of everyone was to be nothing and starting on my way where I was to be something at last.

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in the shadow of the hills. We crossed a stream with willow trees, drove up a steep hill and stopped before a large, grey house the Home Building Within was a blazing fire and a small table spread for my supper My guide Uncle Enos, paused in the doorway with his large white straw hat in his hand and his white head and beard against the light the "aunts," his sisters he told me, would come home early to see me, and he hoped I would stay at Hillside And I hoped so too!

2

I was pretending to read when Ellen and Jane Lloyd Jones walked into the living room They were tall, dignified women, though rather small of frame Jane s white hair was curly, Ellen s straight and shining Ellen the older seemed in her early sixties, and Jane three or four years younger, Ellen s eyes were a deep brown Jane s nearly black The older sister showed herself less lively than the younger, and more gentle in nature Alone, she would have seemed as she was, rich in character, but in comparison, she was less startling Together they gave the warmth and fire, the stability and strength, the soul and spirit which for nearly thirty years sustained the most wholesome and abundant of schools

As they greeted me, their dignity and gracious presence their silk gowns, belonged not to the silence of a Wisconsin valley, nor to barns and cattle and black

in the shadow of the hills. We crossed a stream with willow trees, drove up a steep hill and stopped before a large grey house, the Home Building. Within was a blazing fire and a small table spread for my supper. My uncle, Uncle Enos, paused in the doorway with his large white straw hat in his hand and his white head and beard against the light; the "aunts," his sisters, he told me, would come home early to see me, and he hoped I would stay at Hillside. And I hoped so, too!

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3

Hillside Home School was a school, a home, and a farm all in one and the contribution and strength of each element lay in the fact that each was never separated from the other. To use sympathy, understanding patience, wisdom and humor in teaching was not the discovery of a new method, the progressive method of Mr John Dewey ten years later The child as an individual the teachers efforts to encourage reasonable growth activity and self-expression were surely as old as when Socrates sat down to talk with young Phaedrus about the nature of love and the soul under plane trees by the river Ilissus instead of in an Athenian house of learning It was in the character and personality of the Lloyd Jones sisters to exercise those qualities and virtues, too rare in any method or theory of teaching No method or lack of it can ever dim human vision and understanding nor can all the methods or approaches of the teachers colleges supply what was left out of certain teacher upon the day they were born

Hillside was a way of life sound, reasonable, cooperative and enchanting It was not an experiment needing explanation or defense, and those pretentious terms later popular in teachers colleges orientation, integration behavior patterns, units of work, the law of self activity, and the like, were only unfamiliar and

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built by Richard Lloyd Jones was for younger girls West Cottage, beneath the shadow of the northern hill behind the school, was for small boys, and nearby was the dormitory for older boys, of high school age. In 1903 this was connected with a beautiful school building of stone designed and erected by Frank Lloyd Wright, the son of Anna Lloyd Jones and a nephew of Ellen and Jane.

Ten years later throughout the Middle West and farther away it was known that this was a place where children were sure to be well and to receive the best of training and a home where under reasonable discipline and supervision both boys and girls might realize the best of which they were capable in physical and mental emotional and spiritual growth

4

Fortune had surely favored me in bringing me to Hillside at this time Inexperienced as I was in the ways of cities and city people I could learn from other teachers a little of their travels of art of music, of the theatre of the ways of the world Our interest in country life made a common medium, and much learning was absorbed unconsciously

The barns and barnyards and all that went on within them the fields and pastures were open to the children at all times Good humored hired men let the boys care for horses or learn to milk and some children kept ponies of their own Hardly a boy or girl did not cultivate a garden its seeds bought from

the horses, to set out right after breakfast and carry us over country roads and over snowy hills to a dinner twenty miles into the country. Hundreds of men and women in farms and offices remember a Hillside winter ride, and puzzle over ways to bring up their children as wholesomely as Hillside brought up hers.

The valley with its clear boundaries and the simplicity and stability of its people made Hillside possible. But it was Ellen and Jane Lloyd Jones, themselves country children, who realized the resources for nourishing and cultivating the human mind and imagination which such a condition of life may offer. They had all the riches of their own environment, and these riches they gave to every child and to every teacher who came to them.

5

There were few rules at Hillside; to seek to cooperate, to avoid giving discomfort or embarrassment, was the silent ruling principle. The dining room held some eight tables, each seating ten or twelve. A teacher sat at either end of a table, and along its sides sat boys and girls alternately, big and little, so that a boy or girl of sixteen or eighteen could note the manners and supply the wants of a child from five to seven. This was always done, though I do not remember anything ever being said about it.

At each meal grace was said. This ceremony was allotted in turn to each table and again in turn to each child, to recite a prayer, a hymn, a Bible verse

however, supply soft soap and kerosene and left me to do my best Soon Janet sat in her room, her head in a Turkish towel, and I taught Shakespeare to an amused class with all the windows open

That very afternoon three other children itched,' though in different places The news of their rashes I took this time to Uncle Enos, and together we brought a sample child to the doctor in Spring Green, who declared that the rash was common, old fashioned itch For this he gave me a generous package of sulpher which I was to mix with lard and rub upon all three patients for three nights And the remaining children—why, they were to be rubbed with alcohol, as a precaution

That night, and all week too, eight naked children were to be rubbed before bed The odors of my cottage kept all visitors away But there was more. Late on Friday night my small boy cried out that some thing was biting him It was

On Saturday morning we burned his mattress, and cleansed his bed Three plagues in a week! Few well-organized boarding schools today could have endured so much

Sleep came to me easily at Hillside, the sleep of the weary and curiously contented On cold nights, when my twelve year old cried out with an ear ache I could heat a raisin, stuff it into her ear with a bit of cotton, and in the morning wake up not sure that I had done it

And on Saturday evenings there was a pleasant

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valley went to church Sunday morning, most of the children going together to Unity Chapel at eleven o'clock, and some coming beforehand in turns to clean and decorate the place. Aunts, uncles or older children might read or pray or speak: a simple, natural ceremony amid the silence of the fields, whether the words came from the preacher chosen there, or from a famous sermon by Theodore Parker or Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Sunday evening services were in a great common room of the school designed for family gathering as much as for study. Over a huge fire place there was carved in Welsh "The Truth against the World." And a balcony of brown timbers surrounded this room with words of the prophet Isaiah carved into the wood: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Here too each morning were held our simple religious exercises. We assembled in this room, small children at their benches, the older boys and girls at four huge oak tables, the teachers facing the school in a long row of chairs. The hall clock struck nine, and complete stillness fell upon us for exactly five minutes. No one, not even the smallest, moved. We might think anything or nothing during this silence, but the slightest noise on the part of anyone of us merited and received a stern rebuke. After the five long minutes of silence, after the relentless control of

… even to one's toes and fingers, someone reading perhaps from the Bible, we said … ether and we went to our day's tasks.

… ts of silence even now that great still … many motionless children comes into … he most abundant gift which Hillside … to every one within its encircling hills … certain quick and private smiles … certain spring mornings between Aunt … all boy on the long bench Dicky Cole … bird When the first meadow lark … the wind … the sudden smile be … deepened and made more reverent

7

… school a farm and a home, as its … and had responsibility for the … the classroom too, the academic … alive and real What the children … books they related to the life they … companionship which they enjoyed

… a few things strictly and rigidly … insisted that the life in studies … and as alive as the life out- … no reason why any subject … be … by curiosity on the part … as on the part of the student … is never dull, and that only

dull teachers make it so They were eager for results, which they saw in improved manners and in an awakened sense of responsibility as well as in marks. They were so alive themselves that they found it difficult to tolerate indifference on the part of their teachers. Whatever our heads as well as our hands found to do at Hillside, we did with all our strength—or we did not remain there

Each child whatever his age, was a person rather than merely a child, with the rights, privileges and necessities of his own personality He was expected to live on decent terms with this large and decent family, since he had learned that his talents, or lack of them were respected and his individual development in and out of school were a matter of interest and concern to us all If I could be sure that the progressive new schools held the ideals of Hillside, I should do all I could to help them

The aunts were proud of Hillside's work in college preparation They had no patience with work half done they had a way of bursting into stormy Welsh to each other when one of us had displeased them by laziness or inattention to detail And their vigor made teachers and students ashamed of inattention and lack of self discipline

Both aunts could be severe and show just even pitiless anger When Aunt Jennie's black eyes flashed and her mouth tightened, the object of her indignation felt consumed with fire Cruelty to children, or to animals, infuriated her Injustice, dishonesty or un-

Chapter V

MRS. MOFFAT'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

I

At twenty five years of age, after three years at Hillside I wanted to continue my studies. I had health and strength to conquer new fields. And as Mrs. Moffat's School for Girls was in Chicago, and I could study at the University of Chicago, I arranged to teach for my room and food and five hundred dollars in a huge rambling house set on a spacious Chicago lawn, and to begin my graduate work at the University.

A high hedge of flowers kept out some of the city's noise and dirt, and protected about sixty lively girls of the best neighborhood families in a hushed atmosphere, discreet, correct and complacent.

Mrs. Abbie Moffat, now in her seventies, was the daughter of a Middle Western clergyman who in her words "saw his duty simply and clearly and did it." Moral values at Mrs. Moffat's, unlike those at Hillside, were never allowed to remain invisible, and were never taken for granted. The first, the all inclusive

tion by fate. She had opened a small school in her home in a neighboring city while her children were still young, and the school in Chicago had been made possible by her success as a teacher

Having broken a leg some years before, she could use her crutch equally well to walk with, to show *displeasure, or to point at any visible disorder* or con fusion which needed to be set to rights at once. Old *fashioned in dress, she looked impressive* with a comb high on her grey hair long full dress of black satin, with a bit of white lace and a gold pin at the neck

"Good morning, girls, she said at morning exer cises, and as girls and teachers arose and called back, 'Good morning Mrs Moffat she listened care fully for any harshness, among the seventy voices, so that she might warn the offender in private against it

What Mrs Moffat missed in delicacy of perception she made up for by diligence in business. Her funda mentally unimaginative mind was forever inventing new and necessary duties

Mrs Moffat wished to train "Christian gentle-women a term which meant to her not so much academic attainment as the ability to establish decent homes and feel a responsibility toward society and toward progress in general Thus she encouraged the wealthier to give generously to charity, to their own credit and the school s, and added rule upon rule to count our blessings, to note how *"the other half"* lived, to bring cheer to orphan homes There was a home for old ladies *directly* opposite the school,

the head of the coffin On those occasions her usually fine wit seemed to desert her, for she never saw the slightest thing funny about the funerals. Upon one occasion she wrote verses to an excellent old lady named *Carlotta* and for her Mrs Moffat recited a refrain with great feeling

Farewell to Carlotta
Her life is our motto,

and repeated it with no sense that its rhyme was absurd

2

The subjects I taught in Mrs Moffat's school were nature study, algebra German geography civics and English grammar, to children about thirteen years old with good manners but no great love of learning We had a cellar room but big and bright, and we grew plants and kept a desolate fish tank there Skipping quickly from one subject to another was useful training to me, there was little time to prepare lessons

My skill at the typewriter which I had taught myself was of greater service however Mrs Moffat had a gong fixed at the entrance to the third floor where I had my room and when this gong sounded between ten and midnight I descended at once to her sitting room to type letters at her dictation These were addressed with great zeal to the world of art, industry, social betterment and learning One congratulated President Wilson upon his religion, another praised

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3

Mrs Moffat took pleasure in telling people that her youngest teacher was working toward a doctor's degree at the University. She was quite unconscious, I know, of failing in her promise to let me study for it. Studying was rare at Mrs Moffat's: we were always so up and doing there. I was shopping for Mrs. Moffat, calling on the sick and aged, managing a funeral, writing letters, taking unwilling girls to the Art Institute, or sleeping the sleep of the exhausted on the third floor.

Professor Talbert, my teacher of philosophy, conducted my class in mysticism. He guided us to read William James' "The Varieties of Religious Experience" and Rudolph Eucken's "The Life of the Spirit," and I felt both irritation and humor in trying to read them under Mrs. Moffat's roof. If humor is caused by the sudden meeting of two worlds, Mrs Moffat's School for Girls certainly offered many excellent examples. Mrs. Moffat always knew precisely what she wanted in this world, the prices to be paid, the reward which fell to each good deed, so she knew precisely what she expected of the next world. I should hate to think that if the next world is not run along the same lines as hers, all her careful preparations, her weighing and measuring for whatever Judgment Day awaited her, have been for nothing. She always hated to be taken unawares, and surprises of any nature were distasteful to her.

the writer, Mr John Galsworthy, for writing a tale we had read, another rebuked a soap company, as we detected a vulgar scent in one of its products We wrote to [illegible]tesmen mayors clergymen and rabbis, [illegible] actors, college presidents, and physicians We wrote to the poet, Mr A E. Housman, to say that we recited his poem in chorus every spring, and to Mr H G Wells to put some questions to him which he did not answer Mr Thomas Hardy was [illegible] to present a brighter point of view to[illegible] [illegible] in his novels and between letters Mrs M [illegible] would talk to me about popular poets [illegible] problems She would quote Browning's [illegible] encouraging me to "grow old [illegible] which I was rapidly doing [illegible] supervision

In [illegible] comfortable chair her thoughts and words [illegible] the stern (if distant) realities of life [illegible] we had a luncheon of ham [illegible] and milk as she talked on It was her world [illegible] which nothing existed which she did [illegible] ize For her there were no rats on the [illegible] spite of our terror of them She never recognized [illegible] of her girls were men [illegible] on subjects that other schools [illegible] were better than hers or that the house keeper was [illegible] slow or that replies to most of her letters never appeared She had constructed her world precisely as she wanted it and she sat within it, kind, contented, and completely sure of herself.

3

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Chapter VI

BERLIN AND BLANKENBURG

1

No one but myself knew how badly I was teaching German at Mrs. Moffat's school. Mrs. Moffat was cordial to my plan to leave for Europe three weeks before school closed so that I might study German for a long summer, and she even offered to hire a substitute for me at her own expense. As long as my savings were going toward further study my father raised no serious objection, and in the spring of 1913 I took passage on the White Star steamship Teutonic with an adequate five hundred dollars of my own money which I had secretly decided to spend as recklessly as I liked.

To me the adventure was quite unlike those European trips made today by hundreds of students every June. I had earned the money myself, and the prospect, the process, and the recollection have all the extraordinary vividness of present experience, rather than the dimness of memory. The ship, the names and faces at my table, the interior of my cabin, a sky-

a play by Schiller — Fraulein Franke's Prussian methods knew neither mercy nor patience. "God in Heaven, must I endure this German? I cannot! I will not!" she would scream in German, and at the least of errors rap my knuckles with a curiously heavy yellow pencil

I began playing a game that I should never be brought to tears before her As I walked the two miles to her house between ten and eleven, and as I walked home again, I wept during my six weeks in Berlin my eyes were always swollen But I won my game, for I never wept in her presence either from her screams or from the yellow pencil

After my lesson at noon it was part of my study to shop from a list in German and to bring the packages and to watch Fraulein Franke open them in my trembling presence If they pleased her she swept the articles scornfully across the table if they did not, she screamed at me

I used to see two English boys who finished their lessons just as I arrived One day I came to find them falling down the stairs like luggage they arose and begged me not to go up as she had literally thrown them out without even waiting for the thirty marks they owed her And at the top of the stairs by the great stove I saw her shaking with mirth, the only time I ever saw her laugh 'The English cannot be disciplined They will not work Let them go at once —I do not like them,' she said in German.

My New England accent, my "r" sounds infuriated

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for me to swallow my cake, and I almost ruined the party by the tears that sprang to my eyes.

Three weeks there revealed another Germany worth remembering. With the gracious Fraulein Elster were Fraulein Sonnamam, who was a tall, handsome teacher of English, and Fraulein Trobitsius who managed the house and baked wondrous three layered cakes. Their laughter, good humor, contentment and hospitality made us a family at once. There was an old man who never appeared except to watch and write about an ant hill at the end of the garden; there were four other students: an American Professor of English, an American girl of seventeen, a young schoolmaster, and a middle aged English woman who was even slower at German than I. And all these companions I feel still belong in my life. Each day with them was filled and surrounded by brightness.

We had breakfast at a polished table overlooking the garden, where our German conversation, free of terror, was easy and pleasant; then a half hour lesson for each of us, followed by sausage and beer. By one p.m. there was a substantial lunch, and a walk in the nearby black hills.

Fraulein Elster was a fine walker, and she managed always to seek out a new place of interest: the view from some tree-topped summit or the ruins of a robber's stronghold which her lively stories made even more interesting. Then there was coffee at five p.m., with the little cakes made by Fraulein Trobitsius.

The enchantment of the evenings was greatest;

there were guests to talk with at supper, almost always men of red faces and rather formal manners who taught in nearby schools. And in the garden we had coffee at a table set with a red and white cloth while Fraulein Elster read to us from a volume of Hans Andersen's tales. "He is a philosopher. He is a wise man. He is no idle teller of tales for children," she would insist in German. Much of his wisdom crept into her voice in the quiet room, and all of his charm.

But Fraulein Elster was most truly herself after the reading when she sat down to the little organ in the parlor and sang hymns and songs with us. Her voice echoed so pleasantly all the sorrow of the world. And she smiled, her eyes, looking from one to another of us, as though she were anxious above all else that we should miss nothing of what we sang. "A tree stands in the wood," the song went; it had the greenest of leaves, and a strange and beautiful bird upon its highest branch; there were lovers and a broken heart, and snow so cold, so cold! I have tried in vain to rediscover this song with the deep pleasure and concentrated misery which its simplicity produced.

Everybody at Fraulein Elster's had a birthday celebration there regardless of the actual date. At supper the person honored sat at the head of the table crowned with flowers; we all dressed up and said and sang our birthday wishes, and Fraulein Trobitius at the close of supper, triumphant, brought in her cake. It was three tiers of illustration of an Andersen or a

nm story. Then we rose and shouted birthday
gs and crowned its maker with flowers
When I came away from this corner of the earth
here all things were good and wholesome, where
errment and sadness met, where people were born
again in spirit Fraulein Fl ter presented me with a
picture of her house upon the back of which she had
written
"Only fond remembrances go with you and friend-
ship forevermore from one land to another"

twenty-second I had journeyed across brown sun-baked country with scattered mountains upon it. The great barren land showed patches of acres and acres of harvested ground, so wide that the houses and barns looked tiny, and rolling brown foothills with innumerable herds of cattle. Then, out of the warm summer sunlight, we came suddenly and with something of terror into gray obscurity and driving snow at Bozeman.

2

I always felt both awe and comfort on seeing the great mountains on every side of this valley town. In 1914 there were about seven thousand people there, and in the open countryside the cattle roamed with out owners visible anywhere. There were still great tracts of free land to tempt people to come settle on it. Not automobiles but horses and wagons brought in the ranchers through clouds of summer dust to do their trading, and cowboys, with their uproar on Saturday nights, were common enough in the town.

Sometimes for a month at a time these mountains above the fertile valley of the Gallatin River had motionless days of high, clear sunshine, and nights of numberless stars. It would never rain again, I thought. Then suddenly a warm wind blew from the Pacific over the mountain ranges to the west, and brought long streamers of rain.

Winter cold, sharp, dry, descended from the mountains, twenty degrees and more below zero, and

I would see yellow trees and brilliant red bushes on the hills, and try to discover the source of shadows that moved across a mountain when there was never a cloud in the sky

Evenings were short, but at night I slept out of doors in the corral on an army bed Under the warm blankets in the cold air, silence did not just surround the earth, it enfolded and enveloped it, it came down steadily from the mountains above and became one with sleep The sky with its stars seemed timed by one common pulse, and as I lay still I could feel the roll of the world eastward and watch my steady progress through the stars

4

Here in Montana for the first time in my life people began to have relatively little importance in my existence By illness I was set apart from them and from their activities, yet I felt not deprived but rather freed My long days were mine as never before, and I set about enjoying them to the full

I read for long uninterrupted hours, sometimes even in a cold room with open windows I kept on with my German, renewed my Latin and Greek, read poetry, drama, philosophy and fiction, and *in those* long quiet days sought meaning, vision and wisdom more than incident, situation and sentiment. Intoxicated with books and thoughts, I could take a week of Thomas Hardy, a week of William Shakespeare, a week of Walter Pater to be excited by the music of

seemed to be in icy streams ruthless and cruel against the windows for days at a time. I have never forgotten the sense of helplessness before it. Then on one brilliant February day the temperature might leap fifty degrees in a few hours; there was a soft false promise of spring in the air and a warm rain would fall

whose care and common sense ... sent me to the Wilson ... three miles from ... staring dark eyes and ... the uneasy feeling ... about the place. Her ... whom I seldom saw or ... bottles, fresh eggs, and gallons ...

... of beautiful ... light, I walked be- ... side of a hill in the open ... used grave and ... fence post where ... Upon this ... rest I read most of my ... I swallowed two eggs, ... stone jar, and ate the several ... Mrs. Wilson provided. I would ... and hear the distant cattle ... mountain creeks somewhere,

5

Hardly perceptible after a month in Montana, by November my strength came hurrying back like racing waters beneath a full spring moon In holding a book, in my daily walks, in comfort and security at night I could feel it By spring I wanted to run, leap and sing for joy, but my doctor said only that I might ride if I wished For ten dollars a month I procured the *companionship* and labor of a little Indian horse called Siwash Thin, peaceable, and quite unremarkable for speed, he was just right to carry me over the mountain trails

Mountain flowers were a source of delight forget me nots by the streams lupines and columbines, and the Indian paint brush half flame, half feather The hot June sun showed miles of silver gray sagebrush and sharp outlines of the mountains in the bright distance as though one could sit on top of them and touch the sky I spent the summer months in a mountain camp Cold Springs on the West Gallatin River and miles from anywhere I made friends with miners and cattle men their faces filled with weather, their hands marked by work

In my cabin with the sound of swift water always in my ears, I read the writings of Lamb Hazlitt and De Quincey I memorized certain sentences for their words and rhythm and said them over to myself on my walks or after I had gone to bed at night Prose meant more to me than poetry, I *realized*, I found

his p[illegible] I discovered Dante in Montana, an
E[illegible] poets of the seventeenth century, and th
d[illegible] of Plato, these books became mine foreve
[illegible] the very miracle of undistracted time

Great novels "The Brothers Karamazov," "Ann
K[illegible] "The Way of All Flesh" and others helpe
me to [illegible]derstand the poet Yeats who said "We begi
to live when we have conceived life as a tragedy," no
[illegible] thought but rather as a bright one, touche
w[illegible] [illegible]mity filled with pity and understanding
[illegible] the world with wisdom

O[illegible] a long table I tacked a map of Europe, an
[illegible]ored pins I moved the forces as the Wa
[illegible] arrived Then late in autumn, I had
l[illegible] Fraulein Elster begging me to be as kin
[illegible] toward accusations against her country
[illegible] l[illegible]tter ever came to me from Fraulein Franke

In the winter of 1915 I wanted to write a novel,
b[illegible] at the age of twenty eight I felt quite im
mature and I began spending two hours a day on a
story for girls of about fourteen And in April I
received a check for one hundred and fifty dollars
fr[illegible] a Boston publisher There was no one I knew
[illegible] the street whom I might electrify with my good
[illegible] I could only send a telegram to my mother
and then consume great quantities of ice cream all by
myself [illegible] an ugly restaurant

Irving School was provided richly by its principal, Leora Hapner, one of the best teachers I have ever known and a genius at school management. She was fine looking, tall and thin with an olive skin and striking dark gray eyes; she looked and was honest, just, kind, energetic and resourceful. She knew her three hundred children and could use a leather strap across the knees of poorly behaved boys who liked her while she was doing it. Despite my inexperience, my ignorance of these western children, and my recent illness, she made me feel that I was exactly where I belonged and she at once drove out my prejudice against teaching in a public school.

Friendliness started in the principal's office and spread throughout the school. My associates, most of them native westerners, most of them better able to teach in this environment than I, were both amused and helpful toward me.

Montana standards of handwriting required that all teachers satisfy the ideals of Messrs. Palmer and Company of Chicago, and until I could write according to the Palmer method my monthly salary of

it exciting and satisfying when ordinary words assumed distinction and meaning without set forms of meter and rhyme Sound and color, height and depth in words fascinated me and I tried to imitate the effects gained by these great writers

My attempts proved to me that though the time was years away it was in the study and teaching of English prose that I wanted to spend my days The graduate study I needed would take money, and all I had earned on my book and much more I had borrowed had been spent for eggs and milk already eaten I must teach again I knew

The English writers had added to my new health and strength both by their words and sentences and by the vision of my future I knew the truth of Socrates' advice that headaches are cured easily by the cure of the soul and that the soul is cured by the charm of fair words

6

For at least another year I was required to stay in Montana, and when I returned to Bozeman for my second August it was to seek out the superintendent of public schools Mr Cunningham Doubtful of my fitness for public school teaching he hired me nevertheless when one of his teachers of English unexpectedly resigned With little grace of spirit I prepared to teach in the seventh and eighth grades of a public school

Whatever grace I lacked on my first day at the

Irving School was provided richly by its principal, Leora Hapner, one of the best teachers I have ever known and a genius at school management She was fine looking tall and thin with an olive skin and striking dark gray eyes, she looked, and was, honest, just, kind energetic and resourceful She knew her three hundred children, and could use a leather strap across the knees of poorly behaved boys who liked her while she was doing it Despite my inexperience, my ignorance of these western children, and my recent illness, she made me feel that I was exactly where I belonged, and she at once drove out my prejudice against teaching in a public school

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Montana standards of handwriting required that all teachers satisfy the ideals of Messrs Palmer and Company of Chicago and until I could write according to the Palmer method, my monthly salary of eighty dollars was reduced by five. I resented the salary deduction and secretly despised the writing method but try as I would I could not master their test sentence in perfect form

"I am pining for a pin to use in pinning"

The Irving School teachers took turns in helping me daily to write it as they had learned to do, but in my year and a half I never could satisfy the Palmers, to

whom I sent my efforts each week, and my s...
...venty-five dollars.

7.

...y or fifty pupils marched on in ti...
...hedules from eight-thirty until fo...
...ool I taught six classes a day an...
...e of a study room of sixty boys an...
...n to sixteen years of age, most o...
...hool none too graciously. This wa...
...first settlers had come only fifty...
...gold had been discovered, and...
...undesirables among them. The...
...s who followed them were of bet-...
...thers still remembered the lawless...
...ren too were energetic and rest-...
...tage, they knew horses, cattle...
...d rifles. They were fearless and...
...the earth six thousand feet up...

...ts were nothing to them;...
...only if it had sufficient punch...
...e which they desired was the...
...pirates which I told them as...
...vior. Few of them had ever...

...its and some in other rooms,...
...ges. Some were the children...
...ssions. But it was the ordi-...
...my teaching adv...

helped me respect the life outside of books for physical resourcefulness and vitality, for courage and rough humor, and good health. What they lacked in tradition they possessed in unconscious love of life and the basic kindliness of people in a wide, new land. To my graduate studies I brought from them a sense of those virtues and values which in the early ages of the world, when other lands were new, marked out gods and heroes and made them immortal in art and song

6

A year and a term at the Irving School increased my strength and activity. I rode hundreds of miles through Montana and Wyoming, learned mountain camping, the use of a rifle, a great deal about birds and flowers, and much about weather. The reading of the year before was still warm within me, and in odd hours during two years I wrote another book no more distinguished than my first

In December of my last year I taught history and English at the Gallatin County High School, where the students, basically the same, were more advanced. Several of them I visited on their ranches Then, in the spring of 1917, I left Bozeman to take graduate study at the University of Minnesota in the autumn. Some of my former associates were there to laugh with me about "*firing* for pins."

ts each week, and my salary
se dollars.

7.

fty pupils marched on in time
s from eight-thirty until four
I taught six classes a day and
study room of sixty boys and
sixteen years of age, most of
none too graciously. This was
settlers had come only fifty
d had been discovered, and
esirables among them. The
ho followed them were of bet-
s still remembered the lawless
too were energetic and rest-
ge, they knew horses, cattle
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in the graduate school I could never have managed without the American Sunday school to which I give my grateful thanks.

2

Too many scholars in the realms of English literature seem to their students strangely damaged by their subject Too often learning is clothed in dullness and the most learned teachers are often the most dull The rare teacher, who manages to put personality into his lectures, who in the minds of his students will be remembered for what he was rather than for what he taught is too often looked upon with suspicion by his associates in the graduate school Enthusiasm and interest are counted as shallowness and acting The power of awakening the imagination, of exciting one's students to know more and more, of communicating the magic under which one has lived and studied this makes great teaching And this is too often sadly lacking in those who train graduate students for college teaching

It is surely true that vision without knowledge is unstable and unwise but it is just as surely true that knowledge without vision is barren and useless Unless a scholar has both in his study, and in his teaching some sense of adventure, some light to cast upon untravelled worlds of the mind and the spirit, his study and his teaching are dead forevermore It is small wonder that splendid college teachers are hard to find. Too many of them become so thirsty

Chapter VIII

[illegible] IVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

I

[illegible]niversity was in a mountain climate
[illegible]ermit me to take graduate studies.
[illegible]esota was in high favor with him,
me its university was second to
that I could put aside my money
for a graduate fellowship; and
[illegible]aduate Study at the Universit[illegible]
me free tuition and a schola[illegible]
[illegible]dred and fifty dollars a year
college studies for eight years,
I had would never have en-
the project. But I contented
notion that what I lacked in
[illegible]writing, and, as it happened,
did do.

[illegible]monthly magazines, I began
write for papers of many
[illegible]ber I had arranged for a
[illegible]rs a week. My first year

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for mere knowledge that they are unable through the rest of their days to free themselves.

3

I studied at the Graduate
of Minnesota I had no un-
s, none damaged by their
now as I knew then, that
country has ever gathered
field of English, a more
and teachers
master's degree in English
four years instead of two
We had entered World
was far along many young
ructors were entering the
red a part time instructor-
umn of 1918 I began full-
uctor and carried half the
luate student at the same

full time graduate study
nt of work is likely to be
I have always been glad
made me accept an in-
lve hours a week, to read
ard as it was made my
are exciting To have to
pursuit in life only makes
And I was learning as I

taught, both learning and teaching contributing one to the other

No college student today who unwisely enters graduate school immediately after the bachelor's degree can possibly enjoy and profit by advanced study as I did in my five years at the University of Minnesota My study was the fulfillment of years of desire I had a view of it gained alike from seven years of teaching and from one of illness Even my very academic unfitness for it made it all the more entrancing when it came at last My teachers seemed to me and indeed were, the best that I could have found and I studied under their direction in a glow of excitement

I studied Shakespeare under Elmer Edgar Stoll, one of the most original of Shakespearean scholars As his assistant I read papers for him, and thus I knew him as a charming man as well His teaching was sound and thorough but it was also filled with personal excitement and enthusiasm He could make Shakespeare's Hamlet far more fascinating than a detective story the women in the comedies far more charming than women elsewhere In this matter, he had proved the soundness of his judgment in his wise selection of a wife and he held, sanely enough, that certain perils lay for young women in too much learning I always felt that by looking my best in his presence I was doing a service to all of our sex engaged in the costly pursuit of a doctor's degree

Oscar Firkins taught the history of the drama, I

church on Easter Sunday we listened to the worst of sermons together. He pointed to an old lady who *kept holding* up an ear trumpet and whispered "Incredible! Can you imagine why anybody *should* listen to this stuff who doesn't have to?"

Cecil Moore, a Southerner, came to Minnesota from Harvard University to teach the novel of the eighteenth century. Like my father, a fact to him glowed with life everlasting; he required us to remember detailed incidents and conversations, and he had us willingly read our novels at dawn and late at night. His uproarious laughter enlivened "Tom Jones" and inspired me even years later at Smith College to teach with appreciation about all the many characters of fiction whom he had made immortal.

My *teacher* in the nineteenth century novel, Joseph Warren Beach, directed my doctoral work on Thomas Hardy. He had written the best book on Hardy, that greatest of novelists, and a study of Henry James, as well as books on the novel and poetry. Activity, mental and *physical*, marked this tall man; he would run in the University halls as *though* he had just lost sight of something and must regain it at all costs; he would tear pieces of paper, break chalk into bits, or run his *fingers* madly through his yellow hair as he lectured. Ideas would strike him, make him jump in his chair, or wave his hands as a new idea drove upon the last before he had quite completed a statement.

I worked in medieval literature with Carleton

him, when I first saw him in
a ball reading the plays of
y, near sighted man in thick
r recognized anyone nearly
l doing so. He seemingly had
e pleasant lack of them. He
d lecturers, and his finished
i niceties of expression that
word or phrase His English
elegant in his writing, as his
n reveals

thought, on Greek tragedy.
aced the small platform of
nt, and bent back the third
vith the third finger of his
ft hand in actual torment
hours

glo-Saxon was Frederick
her who brought color and
uage But he had no sense
protested about a C he
rfect paper, he said only
e letters, they are nothing."
ith such force of spirit that
the course was called He
should not master enough
o read a learned article in
as always making assign-
r unknown languages. We
d were friends. Once at

came from the same state, and yet showed such command of French

When I hear graduate students today, even in better known graduate schools, denounce and deplore the teaching given to them, I still think how fortunate I was For at Minnesota the value of the subject matter excused the teacher for dullness Perhaps, indeed, the weakness of many graduate schools today lies as much in the graduate students as in the teaching For seemingly anyone possessing a bachelor's degree from any miserable institution in the country can storm the walls of most graduate schools if he has but the desire and sufficient money

Our few odd fishes at Minnesota only lent humor to our days There was one bald man who came to do his research on the influence of women's hair upon literature His twin baby boys, both bald, stared at each other blue-eyed in their baby carriage across a huge pile of their father's books, for when the father came to the seminar, his wife and sons accompanied him as far as the entrance

On the fourteenth day of May 1922, I faced the examination for my doctor's degree I do not remember casting any glow of pride or wonder in my ten hard examiners By rubbing one ankle against the other in my extreme nervousness I completely destroyed a new pair of silk stockings, I also tore a new hat [illegible] into bits I ruined a new suit by working at a button until I had torn a hole in its jacket But when I left the examination I realized suddenly

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in table manners In a year, his personality showed the gentleman that he had before been in mind He began to lead in college activities, graduated with honors, took a doctorate, and is now a professor of mathematics in one of our best colleges

In the great state universities many students come from sturdy but limited backgrounds, one was constantly seeing seniors who bore no resemblance to themselves as freshmen The swift development of these fine boys and girls, so many of them remarkable in character and person, gives the teacher a social responsibility, an exciting connection between teaching and life

In 1923 a craze for writing short stories was sweeping the country Partly because the work interested me now that my doctor's degree was out of the way partly for extra money, I taught a night class once a week in the University Extension Division on the technique of the short story Every member of my class wrote a short story every two weeks, some wrote one weekly I read short stories on streetcars and buses at my meals and in bed at night I have never read worse stories published or unpublished, than many of those written presumably under my direction

But the eagerness of my students kept me entertained and unwearied Most of my would be writers passionately hoped to sell their stories, and they felt that I possessed some sort of secret which I could reveal if I only would. I was not only amused, but

Chapter IX

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

I

Sister Lioba, of the Order of St. Joseph of Carondolet, snatched time from her religious duties and from her teaching in the College of St. Catherine to take the seminar on the eighteenth century novel toward a master's degree. Her black dress and veil, her white head bands, her way of life so different from ours, were not as outstanding as her natural leadership in this course. The richness of her mind and nature she shared with others, and soon she was chief among my many friends who were nuns in nearby religious communities.

In 1921 Sister Lioba began taking me to St. Catherine's for week ends of study and wonderful conversation. On our first visit, a snowy winter's day, we sat in the streetcar together and a little girl stared at Sister Lioba's black dress, her white face-bands, and her black veil.

"Is that a witch?" she asked her mother in a high shrill voice.

tation, she heard the voice of God say to her:

"Murmur not, Teresa This is the way I treat my friends"

"Small wonder, Lord," said the saint quickly, "that you have so few"

Such a simple, direct relationship to God was Sister Antonia's After all, one must surely be on the best of terms with God to indulge in humor at His expense!

3

St Catherine's in 1921 was three pleasant buildings on a hill above the Mississippi River with a plan for a chapel facing toward the west

Sister Antonia implanted good teaching, good music and an excellent library at St. Catherine's The nuns who taught psychology and music had studied in France and Germany, two who with Sister Eoba taught English took honors degrees at Oxford University The college had about two hundred students then, and a boarding and day school for high school work Now it has about eight hundred girls, many of whom go on to Minnesota or Chicago Universities for advanced degrees

In autumn of 1923 Sister Antonia asked me to teach advanced composition for three hours weekly to junior and senior college girls there One in this class, Sister Maris Stella, has written poems now widely read, and another, Sister Antonine, is now head of St. Catherine and teacher of English.

which meekness replaces joy and laughter. I have since read more about the saints, and they and St Catherine's College have changed this concept, and have added immeasurably to my enjoyment of life.

I liked the peace of the chapel, the quiet of the garden, the friendliness and fun of the nuns, the good manners of the students. I liked the ignoring of a hundred trifles For St Catherine's believed with Thoreau that one is rich in proportion to the number of things which one can afford to let alone I liked the long talks with Sister Lioba about books, of which she knew more than I I liked our occasional mad games of tennis in which nuns in heavy clothes could beat me in a light cotton dress I liked the single mindedness at St Catherine's, the sense that religion was not something to be seized upon in uneasy moments, but natural like one's hands and feet, and waiting only to be discovered

6

There were other friends in religious schools and colleges Mother Seraphine, more than eighty years old, was a great reader and liked some of my writings. She would poke me and burst into a storm of laughter as my grandmother's friends had liked to do with each other Both she and they had peacefulness and breadth of vision, gained by different means, but from one and the same Source

I went back to St Catherine's a few months ago, and saw the flowers in bloom beneath the twelve trees

4

The gifts that St Catherine's brought to me were limitless I lived there for several summers, and taught a summer session there in 1927, and enjoyed the security of those high gates for many years

To make me feel at home, services like caring for a [illegible] altar in the chapel were allowed me, and I could [illegible] the chief gardener, Sister Alice Irene [illegible] was a tall dark eyed nun, who taught mathema tics, [illegible] found an eternal mathematics of God the [illegible] and the lines of the many flowers, and the [illegible] cast by the trees at various hours of th day [illegible] spiral begins at zero and ends in infinit [illegible] source of religious awe, she saw al things [illegible] and end, and begin again in good and conforming order

The Kitchen Sisters, four large women of great good [illegible] praised the Lord with pots and pans and good food I would watch them beat, stir and bake in the large kitchen under the chapel, their religious dress protected by grey aprons, and I realized as I talked to them I [illegible] their religious life had stripped [illegible] from that ageless necessity of daily

5.

My New England Protestant training had made me feel vaguely, as many do, that a nun's life is odd and cowardly, a flight from the normal world, in

Chapter X

MY EXPERIENCE AS A LECTURER

1

A large section of the American public is eager to listen to someone. It is more willing to be talked to than any other people under the sun. It wants a lecturer, who is something like a teacher with a little preaching and a bit of acting often added. Perhaps it desires self improvement, or has extra energy. But whatever its motive, it offers to the lecturer, as I soon learned, pleasure in life and humorous experience of much greater value than the modest sums of payment for which I began public lecturing.

At first I had the good companionship of Miss Nicholson, then an instructor in English at the University of Minnesota but now at Smith College. Requests came from women's clubs in the nearby cities for lectures at ten dollars each. One day, I remember, one group wished enlightenment on the Bible and another, meeting at the same time, on Dante. Miss Nicholson and I tossed a coin, the Bible falling to me and Dante to her. Then we left

we called the Twelve Apostles Sister Alice Irene is now Mother Superior of St Margaret's Academy, but Mother Antonia still lends strength and wisdom to the college Silence and the quick alert sound of many footsteps upon the Lord's business recalled St Catherine's to me, like the footsteps upon the moun tain in the book of Isaiah bringing good tidings and [illegible] peace

A few weeks after my visit Sister Lioba died Once [illegible] told me that she hoped in the next world to [illegible] Henry Fielding to thank him for his [illegible] Andrews and Tom Jones I trust, [illegible] for her that they have met

some of his audience before the lecture. Another once threw the town into confusion by insisting that the chiming of a community clock be stopped during her speech.

On a lecture tour, rewards are more frequent than the punishments of which lecturers complain. I enjoy the unfamiliar towns and cities where the friendliness of human beings is memorable. A waterfall in Utah, and the stories of the people who took me to see it, oil fields in Oklahoma inspected under the guidance of the most humorous of women, a chapel in the University of Pittsburgh viewed with a young man whose knowledge of stained glass instructed me—surely those are all extra rewards for a lecturer.

I continue to give lectures simply because I like to do so. "The unknown is always fascinating," writes Tacitus. A train, a day coach, parlor car or compartment is always new to me. I like settling my belongings, putting my hat in a paper bag, sipping a cold drink in the club car before bedtime, arranging my pillows to read at night. I like the fact that I am alone, that interest, concern, disapproval, enmity, even affection are somewhere far behind me, that I am enclosed in my own small space which can free my mind as nothing else can.

As I read on trains, people in the local newspapers and people in fiction come to life for me. I rarely converse, though I may enjoy the conversation of others. A porter humming religious tunes as he worked learned that I was on a long lecture tour, and

might offer relief I have rarely felt so cruel as when I told her they had been made in London

"In London, dear?" she said "Imagine that Well, I suppose I must get on with my pain"

3

Of all the forty-eight states in the United States, and I have been in practically all of them, I think I have enjoyed Ohio most So many people in Ohio have been friendly to me and I know so many kind towns and cities set upon its flat plains or among its gentle hills Perhaps, also, it has more of New England than any other Middle Western state

Unlike other states Ohio has offered me many delicious foods, and not the traditional chicken cakes and vanilla ice-cream covered with chocolate sauce, to which all lecturers must become accustomed Springfield, Ohio has an unforgettable art colony of cooks So many rare meals and recipes have I recalled, that Springfield has been a proverb in my house

There was great good fun in Springfield, too My audience there took neither itself nor me too seriously a state of mind which all lecturers hope for and too seldom find

4

I think the greatest gift which my going across the country has given me is the sudden enchantment of unfamiliar scenes from train windows.

asked me if I spoke about the Lord in my lectures. I told him that I feared I did not, that I spoke only about books

"Well," said he, "I don't quite see, ma'am, how you can miss talking about the Lord. He wrote the [illegible] good book."

There is excitement as I approach a destination, especially a new one; there is wonder about the man or woman who will meet me, about the room waiting for me, about the unknown persons whom I shall meet, someone to be perhaps a permanent memory. [illegible] which are towns upon a map of the United States then gleam with light for me. There was a city [illegible] where a woman came to see me. Quite [illegible] told me that she was deaf and that deafness [illegible] a great blessing to her. Once a specialist had [illegible] a wonderful mechanism and for twelve [illegible] heard everything, the gossip of her [illegible] a [illegible] lecture, the talk of a tea party, the [illegible] ever the [illegible] and many opinions of [illegible] upon many subjects. She said it was the worst [illegible] her life. At night she returned the [illegible] to the specialist and since then has been [illegible] complete security and contentment.

There [illegible] town in Indiana where I walked [illegible] street and a small, very old woman followed me. She followed me for two blocks, she told me, because of my strong shoes. She suffered constant pain in her own feet, and she asked me where I had gotten my shoes, perhaps such shoes, she thought,

marsh grasses and knew suddenly that, for some unaccountable reason, it was the saddest and most lonely act of Nature

"There is nothing in the whole world which lasts," writes Ovid But it is not so, I say rather with Virgil, "I shall take pleasure in remembering these things hereafter "

It is for these that I pack my suit-cases, endure tired feet eat too generously of fried chicken cakes, and return home dirty and tired For I am among those who glory in a country which from ocean to ocean, holds within itself so many sure and certain glimpses of eternal life

"Well, about the things they do think about, and the things they read"

"What things do they read?"

"Oh, poetry and novels"

"Can't they read those things by themselves?"

"Well I try to show them what poetry and prose mean not just what they say in so many words"

"You mean you read things like Shakespeare and Dickens in your classes?"

"Yes and many other things too"

"It can't be so hard just to read things and talk about them as to teach say Latin or arithmetic, is it?"

"Yes I think it is a great deal harder"

"Well maybe But it doesn't seem to me Do you like teaching English?"

"Yes I like it better than anything else in the world"

After this I wonder if the teaching of English is as vague as my own answers to her questions I feel sure only that it is the hardest teaching in the world to do, and that it is more fun to do than anything else in the world

2

Unlike more tidy subjects English begins nowhere, and ends nowhere It is a language but it lacks the charm of an ancient or the strangeness of a foreign tongue It is an art but dulled by the necessary and the commonplace. It is the servant of other subjects,

Chapter XI

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

1

"...do you do when you teach En...
"...you teach your students to r...
...demanded when she had com...
...vacation
"...teach them to write as well a...

"...to write?"
"...think in good English."
"...mar?"
"I also try to teach them to writ...
...in something."
"...teach them to be writers?"
"...them to be writers. But I try to
...they think."
"...have to be taught to say

...to be taught to think

"...what?"

3

The best of us teachers of English have come into the profession because we have been unable to keep out of it. We fell in love with books early in life, with their words, music, people, events, meanings, and to attempt to convey to others our own passion has been the simplest means of continuing therein ourselves. Most college professors, mad about some specialty, Chaucer or Shakespeare or the Seventeenth Century, prefer advanced students who come to them after their freshman year. And younger teachers also, who take freshman classes, forget that quickness and humor count far more in teaching than knowledge.

But I like teaching freshmen even now. To many of them the use of words is an exercise quite often unconnected with thought. It is fun to snap them out of bad thinking or to bring them up sharply from not thinking at all. For them ears alone are the most dangerous of senses. In the flood of words they are not conscious that the words must march with the thoughts, that sentences march with thoughts in a logical procession.

All writing, a [illegible] or a note, comes by the grace of God. But straight thinking can be taught by patience, energy and humor. The careful rather than the skillful use of words seems to me the chief reason for continuing English composition in our colleges.

At least half the freshmen read badly, too. An article leaves them wandering because the personality

not their mistress, because other subjects cannot be understood without it

Our objectives are as vague as our methods, because we depend upon the imaginations of our students The meaning and value of any piece of literature are rarely the same to any two persons; the arrangement of words in a sentence may mean everything, something or nothing, according to the humor, understanding and vision of the reader. Only when he knows that he is a variable means to a variable end can the teacher of English gain his variable reward

We deal with *the most personal and fortified* of possessions, with thoughts and feelings, suggestions and impressions Our delight lies in the activity of awakened minds to any end at all For we deal not with ends but with means If Karl Marx dictates the conversion of certain of our students, we keep our heads, if James Joyce rather than Wordsworth is the bread of life to other students, we welcome this nourishment strange though it may be to us, if someone rebels at Pater's style, we turn to Hemingway. We learn that we can be firm toward our own loyalties and yet tolerable toward others Our one aim is to extend the powers of thinking and feeling The only method we have is to open every possible avenue to thought, emotion, and expression and to keep ourselves alive while we are doing so

likable and exciting Then we can cast away the methods of the teachers colleges as so much useless baggage for we are vastly better off without them

4

Like all teachers of English I communicate my own enthusiasms in literature The Greek plays I read with my freshmen need no apology They have delighted and nourished me, and for most of my freshmen they have opened new doors. When a student discovers that the poet Homer in the Odyssey and the novelist Willa Cather in My Antonia have ideas in common the old and the new are suddenly brought together

For my freshmen as for my older college students, the mere pleasurable excitement in a work of literature is not enough. I want to show the many ways by which this pleasurable excitement is caused, and how the work is made more beautiful by the reader's intelligence The artist s mind creates an abundance beyond his own the reader becomes an artist with the writer

Analysis of a book may be annoying to students who want to keep their vague likes and dislikes. But not only is the whole seen in all its truth, but the parts take on each its own value Sentences images, figures characters the situation the line, the thought each exists for itself, and brings forth numberless suggestions from the reader s own experience By analysis, novels turn mere events into ideas, poems change

of single words means little to them. Tests and methods for improving reading are popular today; *yet my own remedy has not been without effect.* I like my students to see a word in light and color, whether it is clear and shining, heavy and dark, black or white or yellow. Once single words are grasped in their appearance, in the sounds, meanings, suggestions and associations which they hold, the power to read more difficult prose comes as though by magic.

There is drama, and not mere work, in punctuation. I like to awaken students to the liveliness of a comma, the dignity and silence of a semi-colon, the suspense of a question mark, the danger in an exclamation point.

The teaching of English, with its figures of speech, has melted before the ignorance of teachers and the [illegible] of students in the last thirty years. But the imagination which prompts figures of speech as they *arise from one's background, nature and experience,* makes them a source of delight to my classes.

Terms and text books have relaxed their hold and may be questioned. The teacher of English becomes not so much the taskmaster as the companion of his students. *What we want is to stimulate the love of* mental adventure and of constructive doubt, to create emotional satisfaction in the things of the mind, to reveal through books the variety and the wonder of human experience.

How we do these things matters not at all. It matters that we be awake and alive, alert and eager.

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Like all teachers of English I communicate my own enthusiasms in literature The Greek plays I read with my freshmen need no apology They have delighted and nourished me, and for most of my freshmen they have opened new doors. When a student discovers that the poet Homer in the 'Odyssey" and the novelist Willa Cather in 'My Antonia' have ideas in common, the old and the new are suddenly brought together

For my freshmen as for my older college students, the mere pleasurable excitement in a work of literature is not enough I want to show the many ways by which this pleasurable excitement is caused, and how the work is made more beautiful by the reader's intelligence The artist's mind creates an abundance beyond his own the reader becomes an artist with the writer

Analysis of a book may be annoying to students who want to keep their vague likes and dislikes But not only is the whole seen in all its truth, but the parts take on each its own value Sentences, images, figures characters the situation the line, the thought each exists for itself, and brings forth numberless suggestions from the reader's own experience By analysis, novels turn mere events into ideas, poems change

Chapter XII

SMITH COLLEGE

1.

Since that glowing day when I had set forth through the tumbling Massachusetts hills to seek my fortune in the Middle West I had always felt at home as I passed through that part of New England. I had been ill at ease in cities I wanted to spend the rest of my life as a teacher in the country, and especially among the high orchards, the streams and the hills of Western Massachusetts

Unlike the University of Minnesota, a woman's college would not hesitate to advance a woman to an *associate professorship*, or even to a full professorship. And of all the women's colleges, Smith College in Massachusetts was without doubt the most attractive to me

I had known for years of its President Neilson, read his books, heard him lecture in Minnesota, knew of the respect and admiration in which he was held by members of his faculty and by so many of his students. Some of my professors, including Cecil

over the wide fields delight the eye, and in the summer heat the heavy smell of both onions and tobacco makes one's nose tingle with the perfume of the soil.

Certain places have a curious power to make one feel at home When I arrived here, the blue September mist over the fragrant valley, the wide, clear river, color in the hills, birds gathering in the trees, and last, a small red pail left by some child in the garden of the house where I was to live—these made me oddly sure that I had reached home

Settled in 1654 by Puritan families, the town of Northampton has a dignity that contributes to the life of the college My friendships in the town are a ong reason for my wanting to remain in the small ute house on the Smith campus

As for the college itself it does not assume that e minds and capacities of women are inferior to ose of men Its ideal is to educate the entire personality of the student Intellectual training is foremost but character and artistic development, health and intelligent recreation social interests and obligations, knowledge of contemporary affairs respect for the wisdom both of the past and the present are serious concerns It seeks to enlighten communities by enlightening its students and to raise standards of American living in each generation Yet there is less talking about aims and more accomplishing of them here than at many other colleges

The two hundred men and women who are the faculty of Smith, of many countries, personalities,

him know him as a great teacher To be only mildly warm in thinking and in teaching has been to him an insult to the profession To be dishonest with oneself or one's student, to confuse values, to want advancement at the expense of one's fellows, to harbor resentments or to be indignant over imagined slights, to lack sympathy openly with slow or uncongenial minds, to waste time in useless pursuits, to see the particular rather than the universal, to lack respect for past wisdom or to look with alarm upon present ideas because they are new, to fail in the understanding of human emotions or to be insensible to human tragedy, to be unable to laugh over matters which time will prove trivial all these are attitudes of mind which to him merit not so much scorn as regret

He has been impatient with those of us who let our teaching alone exhaust our days He has helped us find time for the scholarship, research, articles, and books which make teaching more lively and productive At his office or at his home he has helped us by his ready understanding of our personal and ethical problems an unpopular and puzzled teacher, a father with a problem child, a man with a misfit as a wife, two in conflict, those who can find no light for themselves For twenty two years we have dumped such burdens upon him to receive his understanding and often that of his charming and lovely wife, whose quiet, humorous hold on life has given strength and reality to us all

I think it is safe to say that no other college presi-

men. But his closing words observed that "neither the citizens of Northampton nor the members of the college care to have their drinking water flavored with Smith or Yale, Amherst, Harvard, or Williams"

He and Mrs. Neilson have often opened their home to students and have encouraged a community rich in companionship I like teaching freshmen, but I once complained to him that their friendly invitations to tea or dinner left me no time for other activities Could I be freed, I asked, for one year from Fresh man English?

His smile prepared the refusal 'I could let you off from teaching I suppose, or from reading your papers But to go to tea and dinner with freshmen happens to be the most important thing you're doing around this place Remember that a teacher who isn't asked to tea and dinner probably isn t *worth her salt,* and don t come asking again to be let off from what is your most important job in this college."

Yet often and emphatically he has urged the value and practice of solitude. The person who can afford to be alone with himself often and long acquires a quality of personal dignity which is lost in any other kind of life The self possession, self restraint, patience, which come only through the practice of solitude—these are essential for gaining a philosophy and a religion, for living in a world which is not a changing mass of unrelated events but a significant, ordered universe."

change the old things that our dead leader and forefathers loved, living still and more beautiful because of our desire."

other's Day a special day honoring mothers
Northern Lights a blaze of light often seen in the sky in the north also called *Aurora Borealis*
"The other half" in this case an expression for the poor which suggests that the speaker does not complain of his own fortunes
Papier mache paper crushed to a mass
Pine pining want wanting
Practice teaching a standard course in any teachers' course—to teach a class for a term under close supervision
Razor strop a leather strap to sharpen razors but by tradition a threat to punish bad children.
Revival meetings religious meetings to revive beliefs of persons who have lost faith.
Seminar a select discussion group usually of graduate students
Sophist one who uses his learning to deceive or offers false wisdom
State Board in the United States education is the responsibility of each State and is all under a State Board or Committee of Education.
al of the fittest or natural selection" is the pro- of a species enduring changed and dangerous con- of life.
h [illegible] held by rope for circus tricks
ough [illegible] could and discharge
by and among children
that is giving valuable service
Women's Christian Association a organization for girls and wome

GLOSSARY

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Survival of the fittest [illegible] natural selection is the process of [illegible] changed or dangerous conditions of [illegible]

Trapeze [illegible] for circus tricks

Whooping cough [illegible] cough and discharge, usually spread by and among children

Worth her salt that is giving valuable service

Y.W.C.A. Young Women's Christian Association an international service organization for girls and women.